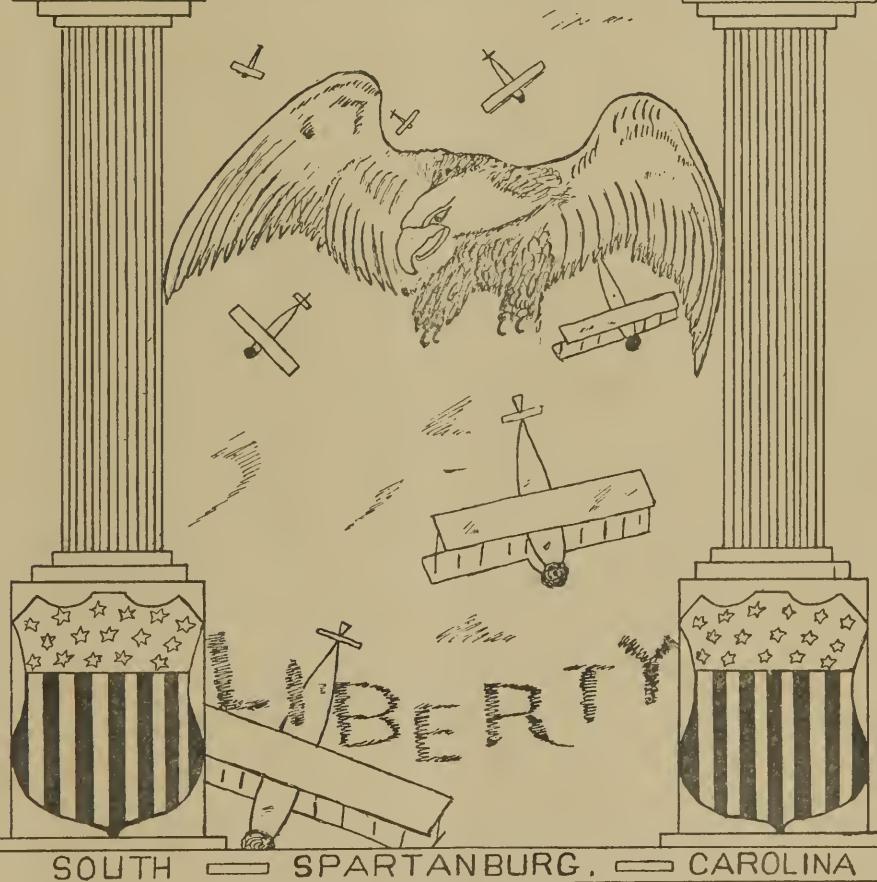


July 15, 1919.

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PUB. SEMI.MONTHLY. U.S. ARMY GEN. HOSP. NO. 42 BY THE ENLISTED MEN.



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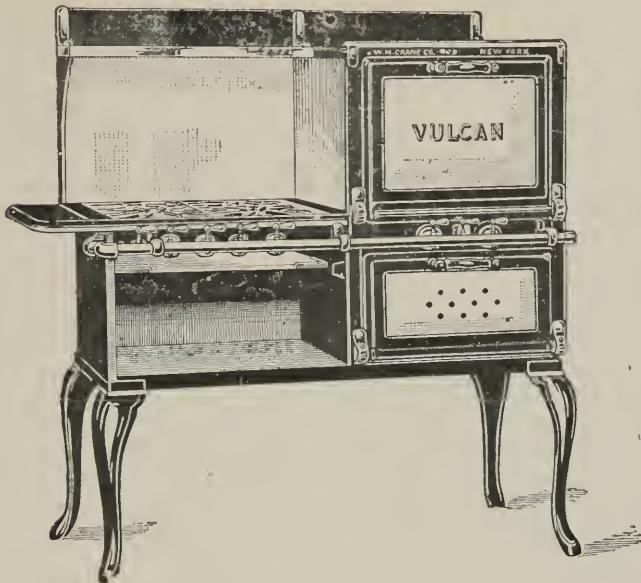
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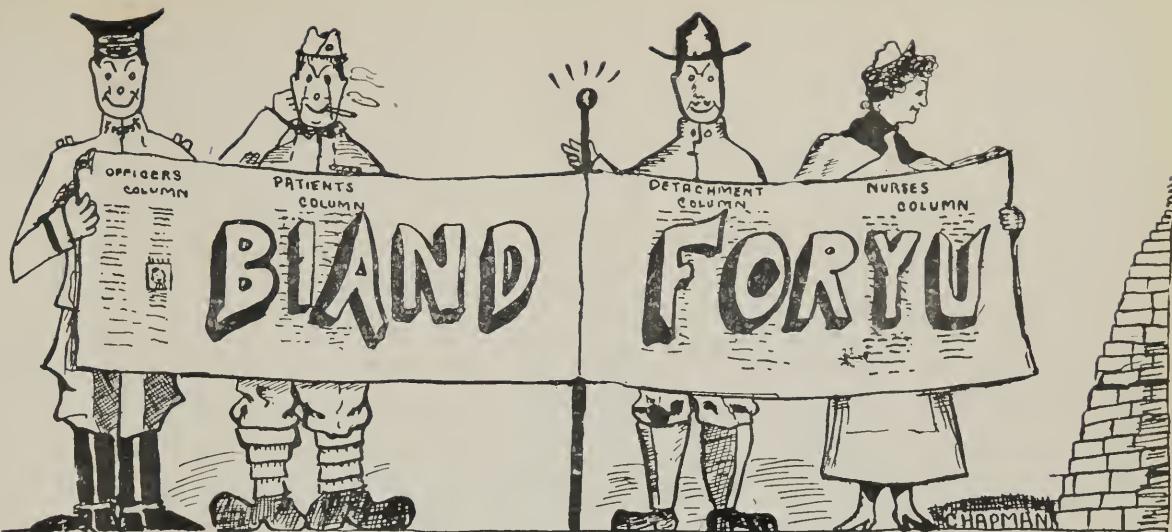
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Capt. Edward Birge
Miss Frances Edge

Sgt. Joseph Peele
Sgt. Frank Sprint
Sgt. Dale Winterbourne

Sgt. E. A. Robinson
Sgt. L. H. Tripone
Sgt. W. E. Johnson

Sgt. Robert B. Galleher
Cpl. A. V. Hutchinson
Cpl. Samuel Grossman

Vol. 1. No. 6.

July 15, 1919

Price 5 Cents

Number 42 Steps Forth On Fourth Spartanburg Lends A Hand and City Organizations Make Unusual Event Possible

THE whale, reclining in the ooze on the bottom of the ocean, saw Jonah struggling on the surface far above. "Jonah, old dear," said the whale, "I rise to the occasion."

General Hospital No. 42 rose to the occasion on the Fourth of July, and in company with the people of Spartanburg, pulled off a whale of a stunt, literally engulfing all Jonahs that threatened to wreck the project.

For weeks prior to Independence Day, the big idea had been buzzing in the minds of the Commanding Officer, the Morale Officer, the Detachment Men's Committee, and the various Welfare outfits. Two weeks before the Fourth,

these forces worked the Big Idea over into the Big Plan for the Big Day. It was planned to invite the city of Spartanburg to join forces with the Hospital in a combined celebration of the National Holiday, the Great Victory, the signing of the Peace Pact, the establishment of the League of Nations, and the spirit of hearty cooperation which continues to grow stronger between the Hospital and the City.

One committee composed the Chamber of Commerce, the War Camp Community Service, and various leading organizations, and persons in the city. Another committee, assisted by Spartanburg men, made the rounds of the merchants. A third committee tackled the churches. The result was that the Big Idea was heartily wel-

comed, prizes for the field meet were readily provided, and a free-for-all picnic supper was forthcoming. While these committees were pushing, the plans for the big outdoor stunt, another committee working in conjunction with the Red Cross Canteen, ladies of the city was preparing festivities for patients confined in the wards.

By the night of the 3rd of July, the following general schedule was arranged:

Hospital conveyances to meet citizens of Spartanburg at War Camp Community Service hall beginning at 1:00, and every hour thereafter to convey them to athletic grounds.

Formal opening ceremony initiated by commanding officer at judges stand, at 2:00.

Big Field Meet open to all with prizes for each event donated by merchants of Spartanburg.

Tennis and quoit tournaments.

Doubleheader baseball game with Arkwright Mills.

Picnic supper free for all provided by General Mess and ladies of Spartanburg.

Patriotic play by 100 children of Spartanburg.

Victory Minstrels by Detachment men.

Announcement of Willard-Dempsey fight results.

Marguerite Clarke movie feature.

Big open-air dance on new platform at Convalescent House.

Decoration of wards for prizes.

Flowers, delicacies and entertainment to be distributed through wards by Spartanburg ladies and Red Cross.

Tour of judges of decoration contest through the wards.

Open house at Convalescent House for out of town guests.

The big Day dawned clear and hot. The Big Idea still seethed in the minds of all. In spite of the heat the Big Plan was put through almost without a hitch. So great was the crowd of civilians and soldiers and automobiles that it looked like Joffre's army when the Germans

were pushed back from Paris. The Field Meet made a hit with the crowd. The Greased Pig martyr to the cause, was fat enough to butcher when he was turned loose, but by the time he was captured was reduced to a mere shadow. The Fat Nurses race reduced the spectators to tears of laughter and it is supposed reduced the runners somewhat. As was expected the local ball team romped away with Arkwright Mills in a spirited but onesided bat-fest.

The picnic supper following the events of the afternoon was really the hit of the day. On long tables in the Pine Grove several truck loads of provender from General Mess and the contents of 100 huge hampers brought by the ladies of the city were spread out. For an hour or more the great crowd passed by the tables, loaded their arms with good things and went on into the grove to eat.

After supper the strongest attractions at the grandstand were the patriotic play by Spartanburg children and the Victory Minstrels by Detachment men. Both these features received long and loud applause. About the time these stunts were begun at the grandstand the festivities which had been going on in the wards were closing with the tour of the judges. The final feature of the day was the long looked for open air dance on the new platform near the Convalescent house. From 9:30 until midnight the smooth floor creaked under the rhythmic tread of many happy feet. By 12:30 the grounds were cleared and the Big Day only a happy memory.

The Big Idea; the Big Plan; the Big Day: they were a hit. The Hospital Daily News forecast was that it would be the biggest affair the hospital had ever seen. On July fifth the Spartanburg papers said it was the greatest affair the City had seen even in the days when the Cantonment was going full blast. The Commanding Officer said the celebration was worthy of a city of a million souls.

On the next two pages is a list of the events and the winners:

B-I-A-N-D---F-O-R-Y-U

EVENT

WINNER

1. 220 Yd. Dash,	Detachment Men.	1st. Sergt. L. H. Tripone.
2. 120 Yd. Hurdle,	Detachment Men.	2nd. Sergt. M. Catalano. 3rd. Sergt. E. A. Robinson.
3. Novelty Race,	Nurses.	1st. Pvt. C. Kaht. 2nd. Pvt. A. Antonio. 3rd. Pvt. M. Gingrich.
4. 100 Yd. Dash,	Detachment Men.	1st. Miss Cage. 2nd. Miss Juve. 3rd. Miss Burns.
5. Bed Making,	Nurses.	1st. Sergt. L. H. Tripone. 2nd. Corp. Crocker. 3rd. Sergt. M. Catalano.
6. 100 Yd. Dash,	Officers.	1st. Miss Hamilton. 2nd. Miss Thomson. 3rd. Miss Kilgus.
7. 25 Yd. Potato Race,	Detachment Men.	1st. Lieut. Palphanis. 2nd. Lieut. Goldstein. 3rd. Capt. Trasfaf.
8. 25 Yd. Sack Race,	Detachment Men.	1st. Pvt. Harris. 2nd. Pvt. J. Fanning. 3rd. Pvt. A. Antonio.
9. Cigar Lighting Race,	Nurses.	1st. Pvt. M. Tycholis. 2nd. Pvt. R. Diack.
10. 3 Legged Race,	Detachment Men.	1st. Sergt. L. H. Tripone & Pvt. C. Kaht. 2nd. Pvt. R. Diack & Pvt. M. Tycholis.
11. 3 Legged Race,	Officers.	1st. Capt. Trasfaf & Lieut. Goldstein. 2nd. Lieut. Palchanis & Lieut. Stringfellow. 3rd. Capt. Hirschman & Lieut. Kains.
12. Tug of war,	Cooks vs Personnel Office.	Personnel Office.
13. Greased Pig Race,		Pvts. Stang, Murry & Waekley.
14. Baseball Game, Arkwright vs G. H. No. 42		Gen. Hosp. No. 42. Score 13-1.
15. Boxing, 1st. Bout.		1st. Pvt. Callahan. 2nd. Pvt. Harris.
16. Boxing, 2nd. Bout.		1st. Sergt. Gugliamo. 2nd. Pvt. Dickman.

EVENT:

17. Tennis, Singles, Officers.
18. Tennis, Singles, N. C. O. vs Privates.
19. Exhibition Riding, Aides.
20. 25 Yd. Dash, Boys under 10 years.
21. 25 Yd. Dash, Girls under 10 years.
22. Suit Case & Novelty Race, Nurses & Aides
23. Looking Backwards Novelty Race, Aides.
24. Fat Nurses Race, 50 Yds.

WINNER:

- 1st. Lieut. J. D. Cocke.
2nd. Lieut. E. M. Bailor.
- 1st. Sergt. P. V. Tanner.
2nd. Sergt. J. J. Carty.
- 1st. Miss Trump.
2nd. Miss Venable.
3rd. Miss Carter.
- 1st. W. Muckinfuss.
2nd. Homer Goodman.
3rd. Frank Dill.
- 1st. Miss Opal Wells.
2nd. Miss Lora Thompson.
3rd. Miss Normal Phillips.
- 1st. Miss Bailey.
2nd. Miss Kotny.
3rd. Miss Day.
- 1st. Miss C. Brand.
2nd. Miss L. Quinn.
3rd. Miss C. Boun.
- 1st. Miss McAlester.
2nd. Miss Appleman.
3rd. Miss Emens.



Baseball at Wofford Park Thursday

There is a great deal of interest being shown by the public in the baseball, to be played at Wofford Park, Thursday evening, at 5 o'clock, when the General Hospital No. 42 Baseball Club will cross bats with the boys comprising the team, made up from the moving picture theatres; the proceeds of the game will go to the Hospital Baby Fund, Baby Hospital, Saluda, N. C.

The boys from up camp are laying for the theatre boys, as the latter took a ten inning game from them last Friday evening, to the tune of 7 to 6. The theatre boys can hit the ball, and also put up excellent defence, while the boys from camp are playing a good class of ball having won their four last games in the Mill League, a real game of ball is anticipated. It is believed there will be a record breaking crowd at the park, as the proceeds of the game go to a great cause, and then the ball game will be well worth seeing. The line up will be as follows:

Movie Men.	General Hospital 42.
Infielders.	
Newton	Seigar
Carroll	Baldwin
Hannon	Plotkin
Camp	Johnson
Fleming	Harrell
	Betts
Outfielders.	
Bates, C.	Smelz
Williams	Ballard
Wilder	Richardson
Bates, F.	Balthhaser
Martin	Henschell
Alverson	
McCravy	
Catchers.	
Patton	Abbey
Pitchers.	
Martin	Bebber
McCravy	Bowman
	Bricker

Keeps On Winning

Saturday, July 12th, the Hospital baseball team played one of the best games that has been witnessed this season in the mill league. The team played Drayton on the Drayton ball ground. The game was running at two to nothing until the sixth inning, when Baldwin our first baseman was up to bat and knocked a two-bagger. While the next man was waiting for a ball to come across the plate, Baldwin stole third, and soon after that, two more men got on bases, making it three men on bases. The fourth batter then being up to bat, brought in the three men on bases, making the score then three to two ending the sixth inning.

The seventh inning brought in another run, making it four to two. At the end of the seventh, the Hospital team made another score. The game then standing at four to three.

As the hospital boys were good about it, they did not score in the eighth or ninth, nor would they let Drayton do so. The game came to a close at the end of the ninth, when Richardson made three of the finest catches that has ever been made in the right field, leaving the score four to three; in favor of the hospital.

Following is the standing of the League Teams up to and including Saturday July 12th:

	Won	Lost	Point
Whitney	7	1	.875
Clifton	5	2	.714
Gen. Hosp.	4	3	.571
Pocolet	4	3	.571
Woodruff	4	3	.571
Glendale	3	4	.429
Drayton	1	6	.143
Arkwright	1	7	.125

Victory Minstrels A Hit

"Goodbye Picadilly, farewell Leicester Square," sang the British Tommy, with his ears full of noise and his eyes full of mud, and he held the German. The whiskered Poilu dodged from shell hole to shell hole, singing "Madelon," and drove the Boche from the gates of Paris. The canny Scot skinned his bare knees going over the top, to the eerie tune of the skirling bagpipe, and "The Campbells are Coming," meant that the Germans were going. "K-K-K-Katy," sang the six-foot son of Uncle Sam, as he turned the tide of battle, and "K-K-K-Kamarad," yelled the enemy, as he welcomed the armistice.

We sang our way through training. Some of us sang our way over and sang our way back. Many of us had to sing our way through the disappointment of not going over, through the long grind of training the fortunate ones who did get over, and some of us are still singing ourselves through the wearing service of caring for those who having fought the German now must fight disease.

We want to get out of the army, we have done what we were called upon to do, we are still doing it; and is our spirit dead? It is not. On July Fourth the Victory Minstrels staged a stunt that showed the undying optimism of the American, that surprised the city and camp with talent in the detachment, and that ought to be reproduced in the city, and outlying towns and hospitals.

The overture and other members of the Detachment Orchestra were fitting forecasts of the excellent members to follow. Callahan and Diack put on a farce in, "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry," that almost made folks cry with laughter. Sergeant Flanders in his comedy solo, "How Are You Gonna Wet Your Whistle," paid profound tribute to the demise of John Barleycorn. Pri-

vate Bailey, Private Taylor and Corporal Brobst in their solos, won a lot of spirited applause, and Corporal Crocker in his female stunt, won everybody over to votes for women beyond a doubt. Sergeant James in his bass solo, "Neptune," used to advantage, a voice as deep as the home of old Neptune himself. Sergeant Sykes and quartette got by in great style. Sykes alive! Sarge, we didn't know you could do it. The closing numbers by the chorus gave a good climax to a very well received program.

Not only the hospital personnel but many people of the city have expressed high appreciation of the Victory Minstrels and the question has been repeatedly asked why this organization cannot become permanent and why the minstrels cannot reproduce their stunt in various places. Certainly the quality of the stunt would recommend it and assure its success. We sang our way this far; let's sing our way clear through.

Nurses and Officers Out-Door Dance.

On Thursday July 10th, an out-door dance from 9:00 P. M. to 12:00 P. M., was given by the Red Cross for the officers, nurses and aides. The affair was held on the platform near the Red Cross Convalescent Home.

About sixty guests were present and report having spent an enjoyable evening. Dancing in the moonlight proved to be a pleasant deviation from the usual routine indoor dance.

A very successful Bridge party was given in the Nurses Recreation Hall, on Friday evening July 11th, for the nurses of H-40 and a number of others. The prize winners were Colonel Poust and Miss Woodbridge. At the close of the card playing refreshments were served.

First Smile! Then Laugh!

By C. B. C.

The little boys definition of custard pie:
"All swallow and no chew."

The little boys definition of appetite:
"When I'm eatin' I'm 'appy; when I'm through,
I'm tight."

"Why is it that there are no men in heaven?"
said a little girl to her mother. "I never heard
that this was so," replied the mother.

"You see," said the little girl, "I have seen
many pictures of angels, but never an angel with
whiskers." Well then, men do get in, her
mother answered, "it must be by a close shave."

The Bible proves that there will be no
women in Heaven; the verse in revelations that
reads: "And there was silence in Heaven for the
space of half an hour."

The only verse in the Bible that condemns
the chewing of tobacco, the verse in revelations
that reads: "He that is filthy, let him be filthy
still."

The proof from the Bible that beer was
made in Noah's Ark: "The kangaroo went in
with hops, and the beer was always a bruin."

A man who believed in praying about every-
thing, even to the beginning with prayer, the
meetings of business men, was suddenly seized
with an attack of appendicitis and hurried to the
hospital. Just as he was about to be placed on
the operating table, he began to realize his con-
dition and said, "send for a preacher, send for a
preacher." "It is too late now," was the reply.
"Send for a preacher," he reiterated; "I insist on
being opened with a prayer."

Two negroes were discussing the color of
the apostles. "Did you know," said one, "that
all the apostles were niggers?" "No," replied
the other. "But they were." "Everyone?"
"Yes, everyone." "Was the apostle Peter a nig-

ger?" Yes, he surely was." "Well if he was,
he was the first nigger I ever heard of who heard
a cock crow twice."

An old Scotch minister who was very con-
scientious was in the habit of giving the follow-
ing warning to every couple he married just be-
fore he began the ceremony. "Young people,
marriage is a blessing to few, a curse to many,
and a great unsartinty to all. Do you venture?

There was the usual unpleasant relationship
between a certain man and his mother-in-law.
He was obliged to take a business trip to Europe
and when absent, his mother-in-law who was liv-
ing at his home died. His wife telegraphed
him: "Mother is dead. Shall I bury, embalm,
or cremate?" The immediate wire came back:
"Telegram received. Bury, embalm and cremate
all three; take no chances."

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Electricians In Demand.

Washington, July 9.—A returned soldier whatever his disability, and whether or not he has had previous experience will if he is at all interested in the subject of electricity find some job that will be suitable for him, so great is the present demand for electrical men. It is not surprising that courses in electricity, either in construction, maintenance or repair, are popular with disabled soldiers who come to the Federal Board for training. There are at present 178 men taking courses in the general subject of electricity, 13 are studying bench work and 61 are preparing to be electrical engineers.

Disabled men can fill many positions in power plants, such as switch board operators, substation operators, combustion experts, attendants of auxiliary machinery. Clerks, whose duty it is to analyze and record the daily operating charts, and compile them into cost records are being used more and more in electrical plants.

A Close-Up.

"I have been trying for a week to get an interview with a captain of industry."

"Made any progress so far?"

"Oh, yes. I have succeeded in persuading his assistant private secretary to accept a cigar."

---Birmingham Age-Herald.



The Autobiography of Nick Carter

Edited By D. Tecative

Part II

ABOUT the beginning of the second summer of our residence in Red Dog, father was elected sheriff of the county. At this time I was a trifle more than two years old, a matter of some months or so more. As I began to tell you in the last installment "Slick" Nickol pulled off a robbery that was positively wonderful and neatly got away with it. Also, that robbery decided me on my life's work. It is important enough to tell about, so here goes.

It all happened on the Fourth of July, Red Dog had been celebrating and I think without exaggeration I was the only sober citizen left that night, unless it was "Slick" himself. At any rate he wasn't drunk enough to be paralyzed. About mid-night he broke into the only bank in town and stole something like five hundred pounds of "dust", jumped on his horse and headed North East in the general direction of Blue Star. Early on the morning of the fifth father assembled a more or less sober posse and with usual sang froid of amateur detectives headed south for Mexico.

With the remaining citizen I looked over the scene of operation and decided that the posse was all wrong, something told me to go North. Forwith I had Wing, our Chinese stable boy, saddle my cayuse and strapping on my forty-five, climbed, with the help of a step-ladder, into the saddle and left.

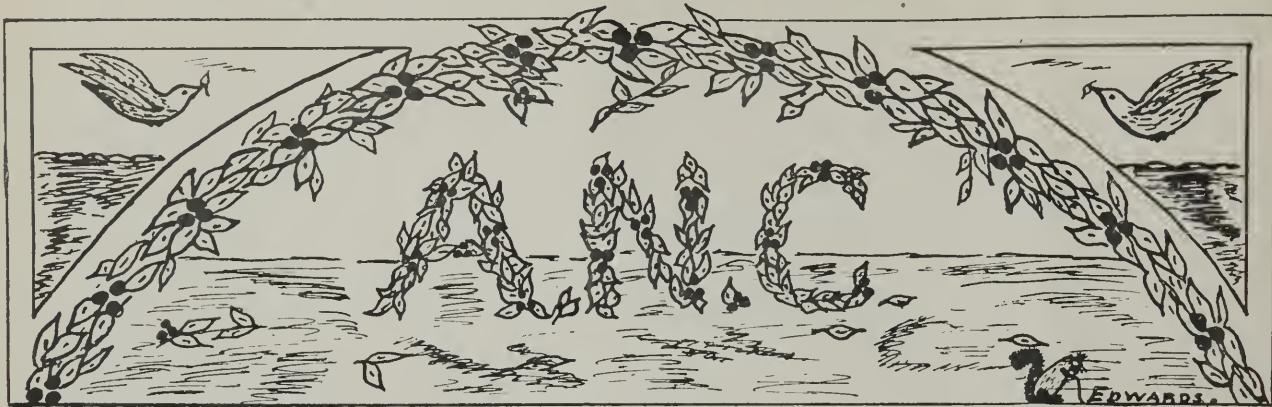
Blue Star was just the place for a fugitive from Justice, some 125 miles North of us, 60 miles from a railroad and over the most vicious trail that ever a man traveled. It took two full days of hard travel to get there, but on the night of the seventh I arrived at the only Hotel there, the Blue Star Hangout. Weary and sore I slid

out of the saddle and went into the bar room. No dear reader, I didn't drink at that age, but I was some thirsty, so I ordered a glass of milk, and then ordered one of the men to reach it for me. It was necessary to persuade him with the gun, for he was no gentleman.

I looked around for "Slick" but he wasn't in sight, however I felt sure that he'd come in and the only thing to do was to watch out for him. Presently a stranger entered the room looking for a game, it wasn't "Slick" but I felt sure that he'd bear watching.

Little things often prove the undoing of criminals and so it proved in this case. "Slick" Nickol was the only man in the State, and the only man I ever saw that could deal cards from the middle of the deck. I watched that game carefully and shortly I was positive that I had my man. While he was dealing himself a hand from the middle of the deck I covered him and then got help from the rest of the miners present to help me get him back to Red Dog. He confessed to his crime, we recovered the "dust" and he did time. Needless to say my reputation was made locally as a detective.

The next ten years or so passed by uneventfully, what with my schooling and scout work on the plains during the various Indian uprisings I was a busy young man, and when the civil war broke out I enlisted as a scout in Grant's army and had as might well be imagined a few hair raising experiences, the best one was while we were in front of Vicksburg, when I had to carry dispatches through the city to Farragut during the memorial fight on the river. That is a rather lengthy tale so we will save it until the next time.



Local Briefs.

Miss S. J. Simpson, who has been with us as Social Director, since last October, left on June 23rd for her home in New Jersey. Miss Simpson has been untiring in her efforts to provide entertainment for the nurses, both well and sick, and it is with regrets we say good bye to

her. Here's wishing her success and happiness where e're her future duties may take her.

The Misses Richardson, Simms, and McGregor, formerly of H-40 have been transferred to U. S. Army General Hospital No. 6, Fort McPherson, Ga. May they continue to improve in health.

Misses I. Neal, Blodgett, Patrick and Keller have returned from leaves, having been called to their homes by illness in their families.

The following nurses, Misses Cooper, Grayson, and Kotny, are now enjoying furloughs, as is also Miss Carter, aide.

Miss Alexander and Miss Rice returned last week from visiting at their respective homes.

During the past week four aides have arrived for duty at this Hospital.

Misses Harrison and Martin spent the week-end following the Fourth, in Charleston, S. C., and report having had a most enjoyable visit there.

Nurse Miss Harvey reported here last week from Camp Gordon for duty.

Miss Odessa Chambers of H-40, is having a 30-days' leave of absence.

Miss Fenner, Chief Nurse, Miss Sexton, Lt. Stringfellow and Major Watterson motored

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to Waynesville June 28th for the week-end, and report a very pleasant visit with Miss Sexton's family.

Miss Shackleford and Miss Palmer have gone to their homes, having obtained their discharges from the service.

An Epitaph To His Deceased Wife.

By a Frenchman.

And am she gone, and are she went,
And is she left I all alone.
O cruel fate what be'st unkind;
To take she first and leave I hind.

Picked Up On The Board Walk.

Sgt. Charlie Libert requests a 90-days' furlough immediately, or he will quit his job and go home.

'Erstwhile.

A country woman came along the railway platform and sat on a seat beside a hospital nurse, who was waiting for a train. With a sigh of relief, she disposed of her parcels and umbrella. They, says "Answers," she began to chat.

"Ah," she said, looking at the nurse's uniform admiringly, "I don't know what we'd do without the likes of you."

"Oh, you are too kind!" protested the nurse. "I'm sure you do things as worthy everyday."

"Not me, Miss," said the old lady. "I can kill a duck or fowl with the best---that I admit. But when it comes to human beings', my heart fails me."

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B-I-A-N-D---F-O-R-Y-U



We Want to Tell "You All"—



When any more peace delegates are needed Sgt. Louis Stolzenberg should be called for a recent coup has placed him in a class that makes Woodrow a rank amateur. It has excited the

admiration of his numerous friends and especially Sergeant Atkinson.

Since dropping the Personnel Office into a band-box weird noises that were finally identified as a medley of those popular ditties "How Dry I Am" and "There's No Place Like Home," come therefrom at regular intervals. They surely miss A9 with its water-cooler and everything.

Corp. C. E. O. Brooker returned from furlough just in time to receive his discharge on the 9th.

Fifty of the personnel of Base Hospital, Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C. arrived on the 1st and twenty-eight men from Base Hospital, Camp Pike, Ark., came on the 6th.

Corp. James F. Deitz returned from furlough just in time to enjoy the 4th of July celebration.

Pvts. 1cl. Joseph Petty and Claude Hopper spent a hot 4th in Asheville, N. C.

Sgt. H. Alvis has returned from a trip to Egypt, Ga.

Corp. J. Damonte and Pvt. 1cl. Carson are at Fort Bayard, N. M.

GREEN THE YEAR ROUND

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Pvts. 1cl. James Hundt and W. Knecht have returned from Whipple Barracks, Ariz.

Cook Wm. Andrews has come back from a trip to Ft. Gibson, Miss.

Pvt. Geo. Mall is no longer a member of the Det. Club in Ward 12. He brought Pvts. Allen and Angelo with him.

Sgt. 1cl. Claud A. D. Buck, under the influence of "You'r Some Pretty Doll," as rendered by Blowers Orchestra, should certainly replace Johnny Dooley as the "Torreador" in "The Royal Vagabond."

Sgt. 1cl. John J. Carty has to roll his home made ones in the Personnel Office but takes the "Bull" outside to smoke.

Pvt. 1cl. Solomon Altman and Pvt. Zerver are on D. S. at New Haven, Conn.

Sgts. Anthony Guglielmo, and John Cav-anaugh, Pvts. 1cl. Jennings; Petty, Chas. Shapiro, Abramowitz, Hopper, Schoner, Manoussos, Pvts. Peters, Rosen, Lee, Reed, O'Conner, Schwab, Bradley, Huffman, Warriner and Williams received their honorable discharge the 9th.

One of the "fortunates" who left recently was Sgt. Wm. Lorenzo the Detachment "Jazz Boy." His stunts on the ivories are certainly missed by all at the movies and dances and also the little impromptu noon recitals. "Billy" is back in Jersey and now sports a Mr. in front of his name. Lucky Boy.

Sgt. 1cl. James F. Stallings was furloughed to the reserve on July 1. We have news from Jimmy he is back in Georgia just in time for peaches and says he will send us a few pits so we can raise some in future years. Jimmy has a job, a silk shirt that would knock your eye out, to use his words, a new suit, a house of his own, and is settling down to the simple life.

The Medical Corps.

Steadfast and keen and strong, they never failed,

Though rounds were overlong and helpers few;

And, through their patient care, our soldiers knew

That men who at no ghastly service quailed,
Who did their utmost for each lad that ailed,

Were fighters just as strenuous and great
Against the ruthless harvesting of hate

As those who death-wired trench or lookout scaled.

They braved continuous rain of shell and shot

To succor in a conflict's instant need,
And always dangers or fatigue forgot

At any chance to do a kindly deed:

They gave their country heart, and mind, and skill,

And saved men, flesh and soul, to serve her still.

---Charlotte Becker.

Chas. A. Moss

Wholesale and Retail

Florist

If you have sympathy for a friend,

Say it with flowers;---

If a message of love to send,

Just say it with flowers;---

If you would spread good will and cheer,

Come and buy your flowers here.

Spartanburg, S. C.

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Solicits your Banking Business

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PEARCE-EDWARDS CO.
Wholesale Only

BRANCHES
Columbia, S. C.
Greenville, S. C.
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SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA

Maj. W. H. Watterson, Medical Chief, Leaves This Hospital.

Maj. Walter H. Watterson, formerly Chief of the Medical Service, at this Hospital, received his honorable discharge from the United States Army, on July 8, 1919. Major Watterson left



© 1919 MOFFETT CHICAGO

Major Walter H. Watterson

a host of friends here to take up work with the Federal Board for Vocational Training in Washington, D. C., this position being the result of excellent efforts shown while in Army Tuberculosis Hospitals. His future position will be that of Tuberculosis Expert, and will carry him throughout the Army Tuberculosis Hospitals in the United States.

Before coming to this Hospital he was stationed at Waynesville, N. C., at the old Army General Hospital, No. 18, now abandoned, and also at Army General Hospital, No. 16, New

Haven, Conn., at which places the Major made a host of friends also.

Prior to his entrance into the service, Major Watterson was connected with the Cook County Tuberculosis Institution of Illinois, serving in the capacity of superintendent.

In a recent statement, he was quoted as considering it an honor to have served those who gave their best services to their country, when their country most needed it. To this end, he considered it his sincere duty, to see that they were given the best possible medical care, so that the greatest possible amount of physical and mental efficiency should be returned to them on return to civil life.

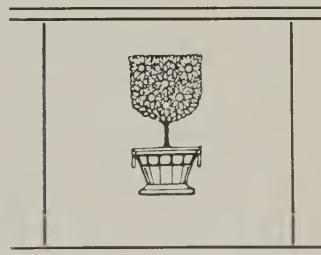
This was indeed shown by the Major, accepting a position with the Federal Board, which deals only with the disabled sailor and soldier.

Capt. G. H. Barksdale, formerly of U. S. Army General Hospital, No. 19, succeeds Major Watterson as Medical Chief here.

Spartanburg's Best Clothing Store

For Men, Women and Children

GREENEWALD'S



105-107 W. Main Street

Spartanburg, S. C.

Salutes!!!

It is indeed quite interesting to stand along the boardwalk of the hospital during one of the busy hours of the day and watch the different salutes handed out. First you see the salute of the fellow who don't care, the lazy kind of a salute that is given by merely raising the hand as far as the eyebrows, then you see the salute of the lad who respects the uniform by saluting, by raising the arm and holding it in position at an angle of about 45 degrees, until it is returned by the officer for whom it was intended. The next is the salute of the person who is busily engaged in talking to someone and suddenly spies an officer within saluting distance and in the hurry to salute starts both hands up at the same time. Then there is the salute of the officer who is looking straight ahead, but through the corner of his eye sees the salute given him and returns it never glancing aside to see who rendered it. Then the

snappy salute by some over ambitious fellow who brings the arm up and drops it in such manner that it bounces back half way up.

But say fellows, the salute of salutes and the one most talked of around this post, the one most imitated, and in fact the salute which attracts the most attention, is done by raising the arm at an angle of about fifty degrees and brought down in a manner which leads one to believe that the object in view is that of rubbing all the button off the coat, you all know a crescent shaped swerve of the arm of course you all know who dishes out this brand of salute. If there is any one around who has the slightest doubt, let them watch him strutting up the walk returning salutes.

A Little Formality.

"Well, if you've had 10 years' experience taking care of children, I think you'll do."

"I'll just take a look at the children and see if they'll do."---Browning Magazine.

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Klothes Kleaning Co.
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Department Store**

Is beyond all Question Spartanburg's Greatest Value Store---It's the Store Where Your Dollars find their greatest Worth---

**J. Thos. Arnold Company
Spartanburg, S. C.**

Daring Jack

In An Adventure With Three Fingered Jim

By E. A. R.

"There goes Three Fingered Jim! I wonder what he is up to now," said Jack. "And he is supporting a woman on his arm. She seems to be unconscious. I wonder where they are headed for." Jack followed them for about a block when they turned a corner. When Jack had reached the corner, they seemed to have evaporated in the air for there was not a sign of Three Finger or the girl. Where could they have gone to thought Jack. Why should he care anyway. With that thought to content his curiosity he started for home. He was awakened the next morning by the shouts of a newsboy. He listened for the cause of it all. "Waxtra! Waxtra! All about the Abduction of Daughter Millionbucks." In a very few seconds he was out of bed and had obtained a paper. He prepared for breakfast and sat down to get the full details of the abduction, that seemed to baffle the police and detectives. Hon. Millionbuck's daughter Mary had been kidnapped on her way home from the settlement house. Suddenly it dawned upon Jack that it was only three blocks from there that he had seen Three Fingers the night before. Could it be possible that it was Three Fingers who did the kidnapping. Jack decided to keep an eye on Three Fingers.

It was along towards evening that Jack while strolling along Deane Street, thought he heard voices but could not locate the source of them. He glanced around, just as Three Fingers cussed one of his men loudly. They were behind a high board fence. Jack made his way quietly to a tree which stood about twenty feet below the place where he heard the voices. With a slight leap, he grasped the lowest limb and carefully drew himself up among the thickest of

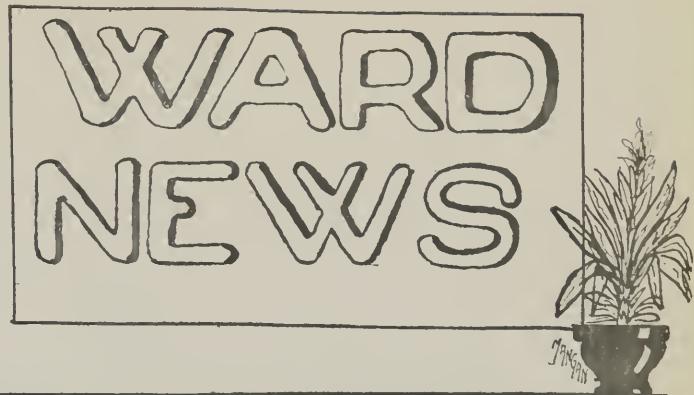
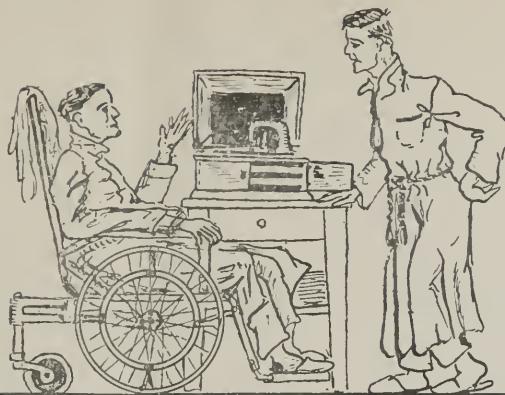
the branches. He glanced over and he could make out three persons apparently having a heated discussion over something that interested them all so much that they forgot how loud they were talking. It didn't take Jack long to get the gist of their conversation. They were planning a way to get the ransom of a girl they had kidnapped. Could it be Millionbuck's daughter they had made away with. Jack listened intently for a clue to their hiding place. He was rewarded quite unexpectedly, when Three Fingers gave one of his men the address in order that he might relieve the fellow on guard. "Joe's place 223." That was enough for Jack. He slid to the ground and made his way by as many short ways as he could bring to mind to Joe's Place. In five minutes he stood at the foot of the stairs which lead to the upper floors of a five story building. The lower floor was taken up by a saloon and dance hall. He paused for a minute, trying to think what floor she could be on for he knew that the numbers didn't run in order at all. One hundred might be on the fifth floor and 200 on the third floor. He must search every floor. Pulling his cap down over his eyes and smearing some of the clay at his feet on his face he ascended the stairs on the second floor, he searched every door for 223 but it wasn't to be found. He did the same on the next floor. He just reached the top floor when someone addressed him from the other end of the hallway. Jack recognized him immediately as Big Dick, Three Fingers right hand man. "What do you want up here and who are you looking for," said Big Dick with a half sneer and half growling voice. "What should I say," thought Jack. Jack remembered well the punch that this man could deliver for he had gone

down under it a number of times in the past few months but Jack had been training for since the last time they met. He looked up and asked for the peoples name that lived in 223. "None of your D--- business who lives in there, get down out of here before I throw you out. By this time Jack was on the top step. He jumped back away from the top of the stairs so that it would take more than a mere push to throw him down. Big Dick made a lunge for hm. With a slight side step he avoided him nicely. This enraged Big Dick who now swore he would throw Jack down stairs. He made another run for Jack but another step to the side and a short jab as he was going by sent him into the far corner on his head. Gradually he drew himself up to prepare for another encounter. He had no more than got to a stooping position when he received a punch that was enough to kill an ordinary human. He crumpled in the corner and lay quite still. Jack made for the door in the end of the hallway. It was 223. He tried it but found it locked. Stepping back a foot or two he made a lunge. Once, twice, and finally it gave and fell with a crash. He looked around then stepping into the room his eyes met a sight that made him want to fight more than ever. Lying on the bed was a handsome young girl about eighteen, bound hand and foot with a gag in her mouth. She gave a startled look as he approached to cut the strongly tied bonds. It was but the work of a minute and she was free, but not out of the apartment as yet. He motioned for her to follow. They had taken but a few steps toward the door when he stopped suddenly. It was voices. Three fingers and his men were coming up the stairs. Jack looked for a way of escape. The only possible way was the fire-escape which was directly in front of the stairs. It was their only chance and he made for it with the girl close at his heals. He put her out on the fire-escape and had just put his hand on the sill when he felt a grip on his shoulder. He whirled about

and stood face to face with a big burley fellow, brown with the suns of many climates. He stood in this position just long enough to judge the distance between them. Then leaning forward a bit he planted a blow full in the face of the fellow hurling him back against Three Fingers and the second man knocking Three Fingers down. The second man stepped up and swung at Jack with the force that would have sent him through the window in back of him had the blow landed, but Jack used his training to good advantage. He ducked his head, took a short step to one side and drove a punch to the fellow's short-ribs that doubled him up like a jack knife. By this time the first fellow was on his feet again but much weaker and with a punch and a push he sent him sprawling down one flight of stairs. He turned and made a leap for the window gained the fire escape. He had just got the window closed when Three Fingers began to pull himself together. In the meantime the girl had reached the ground floor. It took Jack but a minute to get to her. Taking her by the arm they ran for the street. Fortunately a taxi was parked a little way up the street. He hailed the driver. In a minute they would be on their way. He put the girl in and was about to get in himself when he heard a pistol shot. He felt a sting in his arm and looking up he saw Three Fingers draw his head back in the window directly above the street. He jumped into the cab his right arm hung limp. Aldrich and Fourth he shouted to the driver. A buzz and a slight jar of the car and they were off. For the first time he looked closely at the girl. He gave a sudden start. "Mary!" he exclaimed. "Jack!" she cried. "Its you! Its you! Father will never refuse you now!"

The Same Method

A kind-hearted man gave a negro woman a dollar with which to purchase Thanksgiving chickens. When he had left, the mother said, "Sam, we'll just keep dat dollar, and you go get the chickens in the natural way."



Ward 2 which is now the receiving and classifying ward, has 18 new patients who are all residents of the Sunny South.

Band Leader Sands formerly of Ward 7, has received his discharge and is spending a few days with friends in Spartanburg before going home.

Private Sydney has also been decorated with the well-known red stripe.

Privates Hicks and Watson of Ward 16 are both looking forward to being honorary members of the order of Bearers of the Red Stripe.

Private Sledge formerly of Ward 14 and A-3 has just written the boys from these wards that he has been discharged from the Demobilization Center at Camp Lee and is now working with the Utilities Division at that camp as a civilian employee.

Ward 15 had an egg feast when Private Washington was discharged. There was an abundance of eggs in the pantry, and they used them to the best of their knowledge.

Privates Guess and Guinn are carried in Ward 18 as being on furlough, and have both written about having a "big time."

Private August Tewfik has been given a disability discharge and is now in Pittsburgh, Pa.

spending the summer months after which he intends taking up a course under the guidance of the Federal Board for Vocational Training.

Private Green of Ward 24 will spend the next few days in Ward 8 on account of some unruly act.

Charlie Sibert, the long dusky warrior who has been with us since this was made a T. B. institution, has left for Mount Vernon, Georgia, where he will spend a short furlough as Charlie says, "On biziness."

Sergeant Gabriel of Ward 32 is also one of those spending several days at home. If the boys can't have discharges, they want furloughs.

All patients formerly in Ward 13 have been transferred to Ward 20.

Sergeant Atwood, Colored, Cited for Bravery.

Sgt. Rufus Atwood 325th Field Signal Battalion, a colored patient in Ward A-2 at this hospital, has been cited for bravery. Sergeant Atwood is a graduate of Fiske University, and immediately enlisted in the first and only colored Signal Battalion which was formed by Col. Thos. A. Spencer, after having visited all of the most prominent colored universities in the country.

This outfit trained for a while at Camp

Sherman, Ohio, and after arriving overseas, were given the finishing touches of training by both French and Americans, who had fresh knowledge of how signal work was carried on in the trenches.

The 325th Signal Battalion took over the lines of communication in the Vosges Section.

On the morning of November 10th, 1918, while returning to the switchboard in Port A-Mousson, a shell struck the house in which the switch board was being operated, breaking all the lines. Sergeant Atwood rendered valuable assistance in reconstructing the switch-board, and connecting new lines under heavy shell fire. When the ammunition dump began to explode in the same neighborhood, he remained on duty tapping new connections. After repairs were made from the first explosion, there were two to follow which completely wrecked the switch-board room and tore out all the lines which were newly fixed. Sergeant Atwood was left alone, and he established a new switch-board and also the same connections which they had at first.

N. S. Trakas & Co.

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Fruits, Produce and Confections

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Consignments

124 Magnolia Street

Phone 141

Spartanburg, S. C.

Reconstruction Staff.

Elisha W. Brown, Capt. M. C., Chief of Service and Morale Officer.

Arthur W. Burnham, Capt. Inf., Official Records, Commercial Law.

Philip S. Donnell, 1st Lt. Sig. C., Supervisor of shops and technical instructor.

Donald S. Crawford, 1st Lt. Sig. C., Supervisor of academic courses and instructor of mechanical drawing.

Edwin M. Bailor, 2nd Lt. San. C., Psychologist and interviewer.

William H. Webb, 2nd Lt. A. S. A., Interviewer.

L. H. Pearson, 2nd Lt. A. S. A., Interviewer.

All the staff are interested in and support the morale officer in all departments of that office.

Geilfuss' Bakery

Wholesale

TIP-TOP Bread, Cakes, and Pies

139-141-143 N. Liberty Street

Spartanburg, S. C.

New (?) Hospital Rules.

1 If you get thirsty, don't call the nurse, there's a spring in your bed.

2 You can't skate here even if you do see the pillow slip.

3 If you want to read while it is dark, don't bother the nurse, the feathers are light enough.

4 If you want sympathy don't call for your friends. The nurse will bring you a comforter.

5 You don't need to get up to go fishing. There are castors on each bed.

6 Don't think you can have anything you want to eat and drink just because each bed has two sideboards.

7 You don't need any brain while you

are in the hospital. There's a head on each bed.

8 Don't get the idea that it is the Fourth of July because the nurse brings you some crackers.

9 If you want some athletic amusement ask the nurse for a tumbler.

10 Don't think the nurse is sentimental just because she gives you a spoon.

11 Speedy cures are affected here. Last week a blind man picked up a cup and saucer.???

12 If you want to laugh empty a pillow in your bed, the feathers will tickle you.

13 Patients are not allowed big feeds. Only beds have spreads.

14 "Y" men should not swear. However, you may say "blank it." The nurse will think you want more cover.

--Exchange

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*The Seasons Latest Styles in
Ready-To-Wear Millinery and Dry Goods*

Dependable Goods Correctly Price

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Our REST ROOM for exclusive use of our patrons, always at your service- a maid in attendance.

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ROYAL CAFE

For Ladies and Gentlemen

First Class A La Carte Service

132 North Church Street

Spartanburg, S. C.

Winning Out Against Their Handicaps.

Washington, July 15th.—Evidence that the disabled men taking vocational training under the supervision of the Federal Board for Vocational Training accumulates daily in the offices of the Board. The Dean of a far western college for example, writes in praising the industry and application of one of the Board's students placed for training in his institution and adds "If you have any more like him, send them along." This boy had a spinal injury that paralyzed both legs. His disability is rated at 100 per cent, but he will nevertheless, soon be ready to fill efficiently a position as accountant. The Federal Board has thousands more like him.

Another case is that of a western boy who lost an eye in the service. He has taken an eight weeks course in tractors and gas engines, and has been placed in a shop for supplementary training. After a few weeks the manager of the plant said to him, "Boy, I like the way you are taking hold here. You will get a \$40 bonus check for this month."

Any disabled soldier interested to learn what Uncle Sam will do for him should write to the branch office of the Federal Board for Vocational

Education in his district, or to the Federal Board for vocational Education at 200 New Jersey Ave., Washington.

WE ARE EXCLUSIVE DEALERS



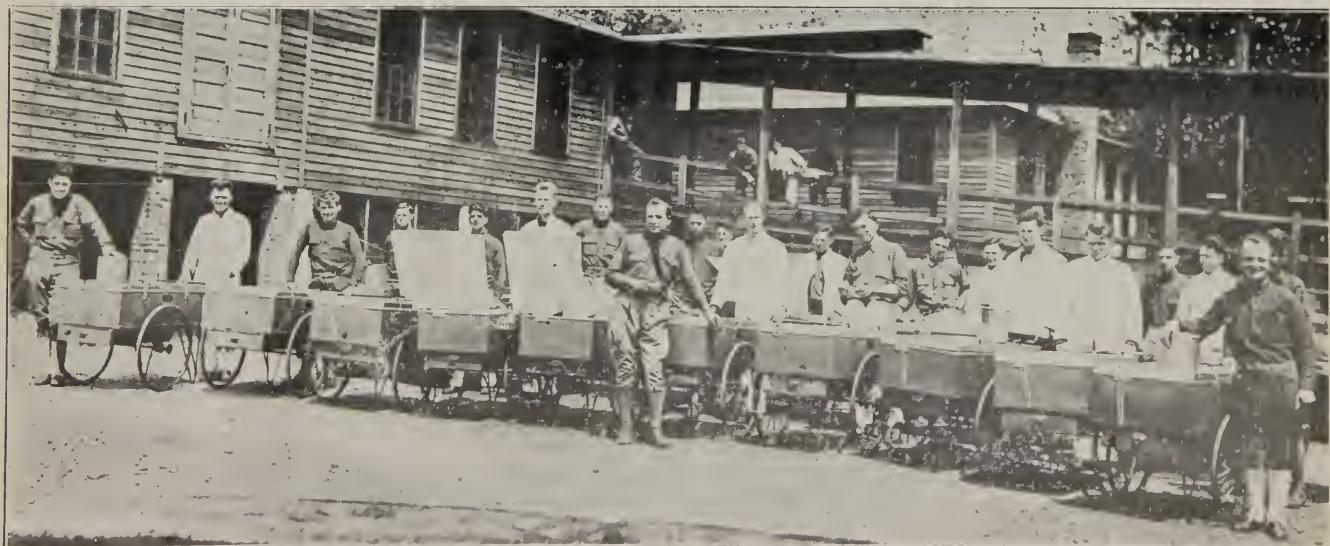
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We sell all makes of
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New, Rebuilt, Secondhand

"Everything for the Office"

Calhoun Office Supply Company

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These Carts Are Used to Deliver the Chow to the Bed Patients

“Friends.”

Its nice to know when you're far away
And many miles from home,
That someone gives a thought to you
No matter how far you roam.

Its nice to know you have a friend,
When things do not always seem bright;
Its nice to know there is a welcome hand
When life seems dark, not light.

Its nice to know there's an open door,
Through which you may walk and enter in;
And a hearty welcome around the hearth
Of some of your kith and kin.

Oh yes, its nice to have such friends,
Who'll help you without a frown;
Who'll open wide the door and say,
“Come in my boy, sit down.”

Its nice to know they'll smile on you,
When fortune smiles been black;

And with a kiss upon your brow
Say, “we are glad to see you back.”

Such friends as these, are friends indeed,
May Heaven bless their way;
You do not find such, when in need,
More oft, they turn away.

Bacon: “I saw by the paper that at one station in France Salvation Army girls make and serve 2,000 doughnuts a day to our soldiers.”

Egbert: “Well, I saw they were calling for more doctors and nurses Over There.”

“Any rags? Any old Iron?” chanted the dealer, as he knocked at the suburban villa. The man of the house himself opened the door.

“No, go away,” he snapped, irritably. “There's nothing for you. My wife is away.”

The itinerant merchant hesitated a moment, and then inquired softly: “Any old bottles?”

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Nunnally's Candies

Stationary
Fountain Pens

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Are Built for COMFORT and STYLE
NURSES SHOES
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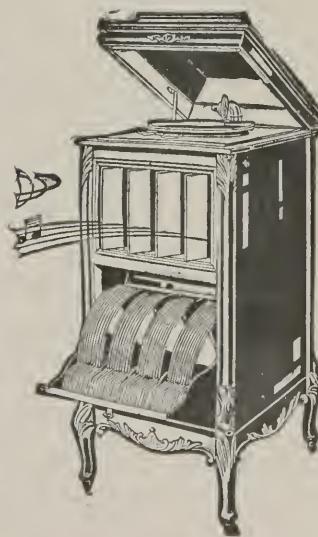
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"Arch Preserver" Shoes Are Best for Nurses.

Scientifically constructed to correct
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Try a pair and they will prove our
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for Clearness of Tone and Brilliancy---

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Ginger Ale

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BOTTLE is GOOD**

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**Ready-to-Wear Millinery and Dry Goods
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Dressed Poultry, Eggs and Butter

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Phones 149 and 1598

Spartanburg, South Carolina

Will The Lights Be White

Oft, when I feel thy engine swirl,
As o'er strange rails we fare,
I strained my eye around the curve
For what awaits us there.

When swift and free she carries me
Through yards unknown at night,
I look along the line to see
If all the lamps are white.

The blue light marks the crippled car,
The green light signals "Slow,"
The red light is a danger light;
The white light, "Let her go."

Again the open fields we roam,
And when the night is fair
I look up in the starry dome
And wonder what's up there.

For who can speak for those who dwell
Behind the curving sky?
No man has ever lived to tell
Just what it means to die.

Swift toward life's terminal I trend,
The run seems short tonight;
God only knows what's at the end---
I hope the lights are white.

---Cy Warman.

The Lights are White at the

First National Bank
Established 1871

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